ditions can I be?" Nor with the other philo-sophical sciences, "What and how do I know?" It has its own question, "What, and how can I do?" All ethical discussions assume a being who counts as a positive factor in fashioning conduct. This conduct, moreover, is regarded as unlike other motions, in that it is expressive of human purpose. Ethics, then, which differs from physics, inasmuch as it deals with a conscious being, differs also from philosophy in general by conceiving the conscious being as active. Here, it may be asked, does not history also conceive the conscious being, man, as active? Yes, replies our author, but history does not conceive man as free. Ethics tries to survey a deed in its genesis before it is committed to existence; history, after the deed has become a part of the world's order. To the historian looking at events after their occurrence, considerations of choice, freedom, preference and alternative possibility, are unsuitable. From his point of view it would be idle to inquire what the condition of England would now be if William the Conqueror had been defeated at Senlac. The possibility that something else might have happened, a possibility that is at the very heart of ethics, history discards. The ethical philosopher, on the other hand, even when he looks back upon the past, contemplates a world unfixed and adjust-He considers every deed as in some sense free, and imagines that the chief influence in bringing it about was the doer's choice. In a word, Prof. Palmer is not one of those who believe in the practicability of an historical reconstruction of ethics. In his opinion, the viewpoints of ethics and of history are fundamentally distinct.
Assuming, then, that ethics judges a human being so far as he is conscious, active and free, must we not admit that the same thing may be said of law? Unquestionably it may, and Prof. Palmer reminds

us that the practical identity of ethics and law was asserted by Hobbes when the study of ethics was first systematically prosecuted in England. Nothing, according to Hobbes, is right or wrong in itself and independently of positive law. With Jeremy Bentham, also, the legislative features of morality are its dominant features. He sometimes speaks as if there were a special point of view appropriate to ethics, and another, slightly different, for legislation, but the difference is not insisted on. Our author, for his part, reminds us that what is immoral is not always illegal, and he adds that neither is what is illegal always immoral. Moreover, the aims of law and of ethics are diverse. The aim of the law is the defence of an aiready established order. The aim of ethics is the moral development of man. The fundamental distinction is that, by the law, a human being is regarded objectively, e in relation to others, and is accounted good or had, according as he protects or damages other members of his community. thice a human being is regarded primarily in himself, subjectively, i. e., with reference to the effects which his conduct may produce on his own growth and wel-We must go to ethics if we would theover how the moral agent may be good in lamaelf. To be good in himself, no doubt, a man will need also to be good objectively stef not to interfere with the good of others We cannot make, however, this good in relation to others, the sois test of goodness For complete goodness we must pass beyoud the bounds of law into some other field where the varteringly is still appinetis but where the object of judgement is regarded as having a morth within stacif and and merely materials tracif in his at stops to discriminate the etiposi from the legal stommen. Prof. Palmer would not go er for me to assured, which have known coften an seriod that the jaw house exclusively titles encueroparation. While attack looks for the most matter. The ise metaliny does regard solection. No crime was ever ringed into court to which question of State-time second in altegration formign At the most time. Find Painter statement tent, where by the haw intending by taken thin account, it is attested unity by the larger For its accommodal place. The law slows and electr here for the intention is enjusteness to there is mining related to mathemated in

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ever, on which ethics is distinguished from sethetics is precisely the reverse of that on which it is distinguished from law. "Artistically, we estimate a person purely in terms of himself, disregarding all that lies beyond. The point of view of methetics is, therefore, far too subjective to yield a full survey of the moral field. For, though a moral being must be a person who, like an object of fine art, has worth in himself, he must also fulfill relations to his fellow men, as the law re-

It will scarcely be disputed that religion unites the viewpoints of law and sethetics. That is to say, by religion a man's worth is reckoned in terms of himself, at the same time that his worth is estimated in terms of his fellow men. Is ethics, then, identical with religion? Plainly, no, because it deals with the finite; it is occupied with earthly conditions, whereas religion deals with the relation of the finite to the infinite. The viewpoint of ethics is distinct from that of religion. "As students of ethics," says Prof. Palmer, "we must bring ourselves to withdraw our attention temporarily from religion. We must fix our moral mind on the manward, rather than on the godward, side of a life which unites finite and infinite." Is ethics, then, an independent or a dependent science? Our author recognizes that it is dependent in a high degree. "By itself ethics is imperfect, and needs, in order to become an effective engine in life, a large supplement-ation from religion." Our author seems disposed to accept Kant's dictum that nobody can act morally without assuming that the constitution of the world furnishes a field adapted to moral action, this necessary assumption being a belief in an adapting God. It is here pointed out that the religious man, by which we understand Prof. Palmer to mean the believer in revelation, differs from the deists in the clarity with which he makes this assumption. Performance in proportion to the clarity is looked for. "A higher degree of steadfast exactitude in righteousness is rightly expected from the religious man than from those who lack his exalted hope." It is true that the religious man often sins,

not be expected elsewhere." The words ethics and morals are often employed in current speech as if they were interchangeable. The author holds that they are not synonyms. "If I object to a man's morals, I assert that he is in the habit of performing acts which the majority of his fellow men disapprove. I decline to associate with him on account of deeds done, and states of feeling permitted which I believe corrupt. But if I object to his ethics, I do not suggest that he has ever wrought iniquity. I may consider his conduct more righteous than my own. What I object to is his explanation of conduct. My understanding of righteousness is different from his. I believe it to spring from other principles than those to which he traces it." In a word, ethics is related to morality as geometry is to carpentry. The geometer, who takes his principles from objects of the outer world may have no skill in fashioning such objects. The carpenter embodies the principles of geometry, but he may do so blindly knowing nothing about them. Ethics, in fine, is a science; morality, an art.

but "the fact that, when he does so, the

public mockingly laughs, treats his mis-

deeds as doubly base, and counts him

more at issue with himself in wrongdoing

than others are, shows the general belief

that in the hopes of religion, motives for

righteousness are to be found which can-

When Charlie Was Away.

A story by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, "When Charlie Was Away" (D. Appleton & Co.), is in the form of letters purporting to have passed between Mrs. March, a lady of 38, naval service on the west coast of Africa, and Lord Darraway, her cousin, living in Ireland, who had always loved her. Mrs. March's letters, which are sprightly and might well have been written by the author of "Dodo," confide to us a number of fairly bewildering experiences and emotions Their effect upon Lord Darraway is well shown in the varying length, fervor and cheerfulness of his replies, and even in the form of his signature, which is sometimes "Darraway" and sometimes "Bill."

In her second letter Mrs. March, addressing Lord Darraway as "Bill, dear," asks him what connection there is between cabs and kisses, apparently unrelated matters which do not even begin with the same letter, though they sound as if they did. Has Bill, dear, ever noticed that when one is with a perfectly delightful man in a cab the horse is very fleet and sound, arriving almost before he starts, whereas, when one's companion is rather boreson the poor old animal limps on three legs? "Another thing worries me, Bill," writes Mrs. March. "Why does no man ever try to make love to me unless he's mad or drunk? There was one poor thing who wanted to kies me in a four-wheeler covered my head in my cloak and threatened to call the police. Well, in a few weeks that man was in an asylum raving mad Whether he went mad because he couldn't kies me, or wanted to kies me because he was mad, I never knew. I hope the former but fear the latter. Mon same ones won't take me seriously; they think me a flirt. Stephen a friend of mine who tells me the truth about myself, in spite of all I can do to prevent it mays I have 'good

Inn't that tiresome?" Mrs March goes on to relate an experience in a cab with a rather calm American suitor with a large none, which he used a good shool in talking " He was a Bonator He aut way over in his own corner and said to her Mrs March, ever since I saw you I felt your attraction. When I saw you to night was all I could do not to take you in my To which Mrs. March says she replied "Lient me" How herky, you didn't should have been so surprised." displator mesons to base been fruntieres like ention then med or intopicated. Mrs. Marci. toracid amounts that "he brigged sorthing and frivatous. Lord Burraway in his reply deciment that he had got a stated in his saidfacious impaghibing. Amet al de primire thing his mono and spatio pleased. "I hope some day I studtaxy the pioneure of puncting your has hom's turned ' too wreste He adviced ' Countries conjuntry is very animhelenomic. It is exceens ting to the mind it takes of the bicom of monance postby and is as permitted as consisted strate thranking. All \$1. \$100 introlarger. My from Mary and he eight him

In the third letter puring Yat Burning as pears as actor a "dear lass." grobber hair and a heartiful possiti "A fact It, and so sweet," "settler huntlers tate. Him sixed big sum: " who wants to be bler March's "pole star" " fith, Bit. what casa yoru são while a keep filler that?" felo-Marris page, best this impulsy evening to answer from Lord Darrager In her fourth action Mrs. March tells of slitting at a restaurant with Herisort Forten, the movelet and the senses the efficient service the fire historical circumstant. The barby creature has two or of \$1.000 tageness with the property of the property of the supplement of the senses of \$1.000 tageness with the supplement of the senses of \$1.000 tageness with the supplement of the su pleys running at once, breader being one

finished. If completeness is prized, it must be sought in what is small, superficial ent day. Did you ever meet Forbes? Of and easily detached, rather than in matters fundamental. The principal ground, how-Every one loves them, except rival authors, who are nearly dead of envy because they didn't write them themselves. Herbert's a dear! He is one of the men who, having got to the top of the tree, find it unsatisfactory and look as if they want to jump down. He looks ascetic and sacerdotal, but I don't believe he is. As his fame grows his baldness increases. His hot brain has burned a hole in his hair." During the soup Forbes announces that he is awfully interested in his new flat. "I'm mad just at present on my Chippendale furniture," he says. Mrs. March sighs in reply. "Ah," she says, "I can't compete. I'm not built on Chippendale lines." Forbes laughed at this, we read. Lord Darraway does not appear to have been so much amused. "You are too good for this nonsense," he says in his rather brief and cold answer to Mrs. March's two letters. "Do spare poor young Bankes! and don't tell him he has got a lovely mouth. You are too original to say what every other woman has said already. It's bad enough for a boy to be handsome and on the stage, without his hearing about his mouth." Lord Darraway's letter begins curtly, "Dear Mary," and is signed, "Your affectionate but disapproving

The subject of Mrs. March's fifth letter will be understood from Lord Darraway's reply to it. "Mary, Mary!" Lord Darraway writes, "what have you done? That clever, entertaining letter was simply to lead un to the odious, vulgar, damnable fact that you've dyed your hair!" She had dyed it red and spoiled the color scheme of her drawing room. When young Bankes saw it he "opened his beautiful mouth till he nearly showed his wisdom teeth." "Now. indeed I, begin to lose hope," wrote Lord Darraway. "Charley had better chuck the navy and come home. By Jove! I never was so angry with you! Stop and think, and repent of this hideous foolishness, and try to remember that you're a

In Mrs. March's sixth letter we read something about her husband. "Bill," she writes, "he never made love to me! The third day after we were engaged he read Macaulay to me! I shall never forget it. I sat on one end of the sofa, dying to be kissed, and he read me about the Bloody shoulder, and he kept telling me how Monmouth laid his on the block. I couldn't say, 'kiss me! kiss me! I've a great seething heartful of love and passion! Make it yours!' When we'd buried Monmouth he proposed 'a brisk walk.' Bill, do you believe Adam, when he first saw Eve, said, 'Come for a turn in the Garden, my dear. It is good for your liver?' But I suppose they lived on salad and grass and had no livers. When Charlie and I married he was nice enough; but I knew that I was nothing at all to him compared to his pro-fession. How often I've wished I were a binnacle, or a barnacle, or some of those queer nautical things I don't know the names of! The height of Charlie's ambition, outside of his career, was to see me darn stockings. I did seventeen one night, while he read to me (Froude on the Spanish Armada), and I have never stuck a needle into one since.

We can imagine Lord Darraway's feelings as he read. "Then he went away for three years," the letter went on, "and expected me to sit sewing till he came back. But I was no Penelope. When I spin, it is over the ground in a hansom on the way to the play; when I weave, it is impossible romances of what never was and never can be. When Charlie writes to me he ends with: 'Do weigh your letters. The last two were overweight.' Or else: 'Try to keep down the expenses, and be more particular about the front stairs. When I was last at home I thought they looked dusty.' Dusty! It makes me want to be dusty-just a clean pinch of powder in a little urn on your mantelpiece, Bill! • I believe I'm crying. . . . I wonder

get into Lord Darraway's feelings and to make him think "Oh," said the letter, finally, "if husbands would take half the trouble to keep our love that other men take to try to get it, how few scandals and tragedies and tears there would be in the world! * * * 1'm not funny to-day. Bill, am I? People like me only when am funny. 'Mary March was the life of the party,' they say. Nobody sees the face that I see in the little cab mirror on the way home. Isn't it terrible to be middle-aged and sentimental? Certainly

I need an occupation. P. S.-Forgive these 'bleats!' It is not surprising that this should have bien effective "I didn't suppose that at my age I should ever come near crying again," wrote Lord Darraway in reply. brick you are!" she wrote back to him keep on liking me! I'm not worth it, ut when I see myself through your eyes I eel proud for a week. I throw out my cheet like a pouter pigeon and walk as if I owned the whole street." She was near yielding to the charms of that very handsome Irishman, Brian L'Estrange. His due eyes, with the dark curling lashes, were potent weapons, and his complexion must have been dazzling. She wrote to herself not to Lord Darraway. Why do I think I love Brian? Is it because he handsome' I don't believe it-many ngly men are charming What is his charm. I go on analyzing analyzing shall analyse my sensations on my death bed, if I die in hed. I have never kinsed. any man but Bul and Charlie Bill only once, in a country way, and Charlie so seldom in the last five years that I could ment the times but last week I bissed brian I suppose people who know how much I go about with men, and how freely tails about them, think I'm on kinning terms with all of them that I'm notproves have been I have that nort of thing. I'me never even functed I really loved and no till now. The minuty of it is that I that't frust Brists. He steems to my the note of auto who would practiculately inget to asset but at the train ! Of course exceptions intend out so that the fambful Lord Darraway and with the remard, and surely the Arthbalop of

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